THE

MANAGER

IN

DISTRESS.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

MANAGER

IN

DISTRESS.

A

PRELUDE

On opening the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

MAY 30, 1780.

BY GEORGE COLMAN. *Elder.*

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE PATENTEES

OF THE THEATRES ROYAL

OF DRURY-LANE

AND COVENT-GARDEN,

THE FOLLOWING PRELUDE

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH A DUE SENSE

OF ALL THEIR KINDNESS,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

G. COLMAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHARACTERS.

Manager,	Mr. AICKIN.
Eaſy,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Buſtleton,	Mr. PALMER.
Prompter,	Mr. DAVIS.
Iriſhman in the Pit,	Mr. EGAN.
Gentleman in Balcony,	Mr. BANNISTER Jun.
Servant,	Mr. KENNY.
Four Actreſſes,	Mrs. JEWELL. Mrs. CUYLER. Mrs. POUSSIN. Miſs HALE.
Lady in Balcony,	Mrs. WEBB.
Two other Ladies in an Upper Box,	Mrs. LE FEVRE and Mrs. W. PALMER.
Caller,	Mrs. LOVE.

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

SCENE, Jewell's *Parlour*.

Manager *and* Eaſy *drinking*.

EASY.

NAY, I was only afraid my viſit to-day was troubleſome.

MANAGER.

Far from it, my dear Eaſy, far from it; to take a ſcrambling dinner with me here at the playhouſe, the firſt day of our opening was a great act of charity, and I am very much obliged to you.

EASY.

Not at all; I aſſure you it is a matter of information to me as well as entertainment,

MANAGER.

What, perhaps you thought our fare behind the ſcenes ſtill more unſubſtantial?

EASY.

I did indeed; and from what I have ſo often witneſſed on the ſtage, how could I ſuppoſe otherwiſe? why, I have ſeen Macbeth's Scotch nobles as poorly regaled as if they were in the Cave of Famine; not a hut on the Highlands could furniſh worſe provender; nay, I have ſeen our jovial Harry the Eighth, and all his courtiers, half ſtarved by Cardinal Wolſey at a banquet.

MANAGER.

I'm ſure I have known the Miller of Mansfield at ſupper make half the houſe hungry; and many a farce, as well as pantomime, has owed its life on the ſtage to a roaſt fowl and ſauſages.

EASY.

Well, maſter Manager, here's a good ſeaſon to you!

MANAGER.

I thank you.

EASY.

And towards September I'll come and borrow a few hundreds of you.

MANAGER.

The Publick are very kind and extremely generous; but I do aſſure you, my friend, all I have yet receiv'd

ceiv'd here has been diſburs'd again for their accommodation and entertainment.

EASY.

Ay, but ſtock in trade, you know ——

Enter SERVANT.

A Mr. Buſtleton, Sir, has been inquiring after you at the ſtage-door.

MANAGER.

Who?

SERVANT.

Mr. Buſtleton, I think he ſaid was his name, Sir.

MANAGER.

Buſtleton! they did not ſay I was in the houſe, I hope?

SERVANT.

They ſaid they did not know, Sir; and he is gone behind the ſcenes to look for you.

MANAGER.

Let the gentleman through to the boxes directly, d'ye hear? [*Exit Serv.*] It would be particularly inconvenient to ſee him at preſent; no knowing when we ſhou'd get rid of him; he'll talk to eternity!

EASY.

Buſtleton; that's the idle man of buſineſs, is it not? who does an infinite deal of nothing, becauſe he wants ſomething to do:——Talk! why his tongue travels

poſt, and all his ſentences are periods of a mile; he converſes with every body, upon every thing; Scandal, Politicks, Religion, Arts, Tabernacles, Theatres, the Court and the Cock-pit, Newmarket and the Convocation, and a thouſand other objects, divide his attention. He knows the publick and private affairs of the town, and the nation, much better than thoſe of his family; and is perfectly at home every where but in his own houſe.

MANAGER.

The very man; his head is in a conſtant whirl of ideas, and his perſon in perpetual motion; he is known among his friends and acquaintance by the title of the Riding Magazine: he lives about a dozen miles out of town, but doats upon London; comes up on a hard trot every day after breakfaſt, ſtops every friend he meets to receive and communicate intelligence, and enquires after news from the men at the turnpikes; nay, ſometimes, to hold himſelf in wind, tells the keeper of the gate at Kenſington what he learnt from the toll-gatherer at Hammerſmith.

BUSTLETON *without.*

I'll ſtep in directly; and pleaſe to take care of my galloſhes, Sir.

MANAGER.

There he is, and coming in too; I hear him in the paſſage.

EASY.

I am glad of it; you ſhall introduce me to him.

MANA-

MANAGER.

Oh there will be no occaſion for that; you'll find him a very familiar acquaintance at firſt ſight, I promiſe you.

Enter BUSTLETON.

BUSTLETON.

Ha! my little Dapperwit! I knew I ſhou'd find you at the Receipt of Cuſtom; I thought to have met with you behind the ſcenes, like a tradeſman behind the counter. I went there, but was told you were in Jewell's parlour—but hold! I hear very bad—(*ſeeing Eaſy.*) Oh! how dy'e do, Mr.—what's the Gentleman's name?

MANAGER.

Mr. Eaſy, at your ſervice.

BUSTLETON.

Oh, Mr. Eaſy, I din'd with an Uncle of yours yeſterday at the Thatch'd—by the bye, you muſt give me leave to pull off my riding-ſtockings and great coat, Mr. Dapperwit; I think my linen begins to look rather ſoiled too; and if I thought yours wou'd fit me, I wou'd get you to lend me one of your ſhirts.

EASY.

There is no occaſion; your appearance is very —

BUSTLETON.

So ſo, I believe; I have been in twenty different places, and engag'd on twenty different affairs, ſince I got to town this morning.

MANAGER.

MANAGER.

You are never idle, Mr. Buſtleton.

BUSTLETON.

Idle! it is impoſſible for a man that has three ideas in his head to be idle; every moment affords new diverſions, and every hour teems with employment: Mr. Eaſy, I beg to have your opinion on this ſubject —by the bye, Mr. Dapperwit, remember that I have ſomething of conſequence to tell you afterwards;—you are a Gentleman, Mr. Eaſy, and none but a Gentleman can have a juſt notion of creating himſelf buſineſs —Tradeſmen, Merchants, Bankers, Brokers, Lawyers, and ſo forth, have no idea of buſineſs out of the narrow routine of their own dull vocations—and indeed it is not every Gentleman that has a ſufficient talent for it.

EASY.

Not one in a thouſand.

BUSTLETON.

Not in ten thouſand; I ſee you comprehend me, Mr. Eaſy; I love to talk with a man upon a ſubject that he is maſter of; for then we, each of us, give and receive information—One day talking with Admiral Sternpoſt at the Navy Office about the Battle of La Hogue—by the bye, that is a very good ſtory; ſo put me in mind to tell you that afterwards.

MANAGER.

But you were going to tell us what you had been doing to-day, Mr. Buſtleton.

BUSTLETON.

BUSTLETON.

To-day? I was ſo—but the human mind, you know—I ſay *you know*, Mr. Dapperwit, becauſe you are a writer of Plays, and Farces, and Preludes, and Prologues, and Epilogues, and ſo forth; and the human mind is, or ought to be, your proper ſtudy—now the human mind is very apt, from a kind of aſſociation of ideas, as Locke ſays, you know —

MANAGER.

But we wiſh to know what you were going to diſcloſe concerning yourſelf to-day, Mr. Buſtleton.

BUSTLETON.

To-day? true; but remember that we ſettle the ſtate of the human mind another time, Mr. Dapperwit.

MANAGER.

I will—but to-day's buſineſs, to-day, if you pleaſe, Sir!

BUSTLETON.

Multifarious, as uſual; firſt, a Committee of Aſſociation—then a ſhort peep at the Exhibition—then a Ballot at the India Houſe—then an hour and a half in the Gallery of the Houſe of Commons—then a Cauſe in the Houſe of Lords—after which I took a haſty morſel at the coffee-houſe, which I left half unfiniſh'd to run and tell you ſome news of very great importance to yourſelf, Mr. Dapperwit.

MANAGER.

MANAGER.

Great importance! what is it? why did not you communicate it immediately?

BUSTLETON.

Nay, an hour or two makes no difference; for as you cannot poſſibly have any Play this evening —

MANAGER.

No Play this Evening! why not? who told you ſo?

BUSTLETON.

I always find I know more of other peoples' affairs than they do themſelves.

MANAGER.

But ——

EASY.

Nay, put him out of his pain, Sir.

MANAGER.

Take me off the rack of ſuſpence, or give me the *Coup de Grace* at once, I beſeech you, Sir!

BUSTLETON.

I need not obſerve to you, that all Managers are jealous of one another, and that ——

MANAGER.

And what then, Sir?

EASY.

Poor fellow! the fact at once, Sir.

MANAGER.

MANAGER.

Ay, what is it, Sir?

BUSTLETON.

The fact is, Sir, that the winter patentees have determin'd to ſtrip you of all your performers.

MANAGER.

I don't believe it.

EASY.

Impoſſible!

BUSTLETON.

No doubt of it; a committee of patentees have ſat upon the queſtion in the treaſury of Covent Garden—and a ſub-committee at Drury Lane; the chairman has reported—and a very ingenious report, let me tell you—He has reported that the patent of Drury Lane is thrice ſeptennial, both thoſe of Covent Garden perpetual, and the Hay-market, only annual; yet that your influence on the town has increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſh'd; that they ought to take away your board of actors, make your wardrobe uſeleſs (By the bye, they ſay that of your predeceſſor was furniſh'd by contract) and attack your civil liſt; in ſhort, that *one* houſe ſhou'd withdraw their performers, and the *other* forbid theirs from ſupplying their places.

MANAGER.

It can't be.

EASY.

Now I recollect, I have ſeen ſomething of this in the papers.

BUSTLETON.

As to the papers, I know more of the manœuvres of this oppoſition than all the Advertiſers, Poſts, Chronicles, and Courants put together.

MANAGER.

What a ſituation! Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

MANAGER.

Well, Sir?

SERVANT.

A letter, Sir.

MANAGER.

Ha! who brought it? (*looking on the direction.*)

SERVANT.

A ſervant maid, Sir; ſaid it requir'd no anſwer. [*Exit.*

MANAGER.

Parſons's hand! one of the firſt and moſt favorite performers: I am half afraid to open it; this begins to look ſerious.

EASY.

The contents I hope will not be ſo diſagreeable.

BUSTLETON.

Let's hear the contents! now this, Mr. Eaſy, is getting at facts; this is what I call real information.

MANA-

MANAGER *(reading the Letter.)*

" Frog Hall, May 30th.

" Sir,

" I am very ſorry to find myſelf unable to " join your company this ſummer; particularly as I " had taken a long leaſe of three years, of a country- " houſe within half a quarter of a mile of Weſtmin- " ſter-bridge, on purpoſe to attend to my own health " and your buſineſs; but am oblig'd to give up both " my houſe and my engagement, as I find the moiſ- " ture of Lambeth Marſh and the heat of the Hay- " market too much for my conſtitution; ſo ſhall " retire to my lodgings in Drury Lane during the dog " days, and remain, with the beſt wiſhes for your " ſucceſs, your humble ſervant,

" W. P."

MANAGER.

Ay, now I ſee it's true; I ſhall have the ſame ſort of excuſes from them all round, I ſuppoſe.

EASY.

Ha! here are ſome of the actreſſes—Courage! there are ſome hopes yet, my Friend.

BUSTLETON.

Yes, women are principal engines in all the intrigues of government.

Enter Four Actreſſes.

MANAGER.

Your ſervant, Ladies! I am oblig'd to you for this

viſit; but how comes it that I don't ſee you dreſt for the ſeveral characters you are to play this evening?

1ſt LADY.

Becauſe we don't mean to play at all, Sir.

MANAGER.

Why ſo?

2d LADY.

Becauſe we have other employment.

MANAGER.

I don't doubt it; but not *quite* incompatible with the buſineſs of the theatre.

3d LADY.

Oh yes, totally!

MANAGER.

Of what kind?

4th LADY.

Partly in your own way, but not altogether—Public ſpeaking.

1ſt LADY.

Declamation.

2d LADY.

Rhetorick.

3d LADY.

Eloquence.

4th LADY.

4th LADY.

Oratory!

1ſt LADY.

Here, Sir, is a ſpeech I am now ſtudying; and which, as ſoon as I feel myſelf quite perfect, I am to deliver *extempore* at Carliſle-houſe.

2d LADY.

And here's another, with a new ſong at the end of it, for Free-maſon's-hall.

3d LADY.

And this for the Caſino.

4th LADY.

And this for the Belle-aſſemblée.

MANAGER.

Well, but ladies ——

1ſt LADY.

Oh dear Sir, ſay no more; we *muſt* give the ſchools for eloquence the preference to the theatres; the profit is much greater, and the trouble much leſs.

2d LADY.

To be ſure; for on the ſtage we are expected to be ripe in our parts, or to encounter cenſure and diſapprobation; one might as well ſing at Sadlers Wells, or ride upon three horſes at Aſtley's.

3d LADY.

True; but in the other elegant aſſemblies if we ſhou'd be

be rather imperfect in an extempore oration, or if we ſhou'd happen to boggle in the midſt of a ſentence—from the copy of the ſpeech being given us too late, or from our other avocations preventing our ſtudying it—we have nothing to do but to hem, or cough a little, hold our fans to our faces for half a minute, and thus, overcome with modeſty, ſit down amidſt a thunder of applauſe.

4th LADY.

So you ſee, Sir, our playing here is quite out of the queſtion—Come, Ladies; we ſhall be too late for the Rational Univerſity. Your ſervant, Sir! [*Exeunt Ladies.*

MANAGER.

Provoking gipſies! was ever ſuch a diſtreſsful ſituation?

BUSTLETON.

It is diſtreſsful, to be ſure; but you may derive ſome advantage from it.

MANAGER.

By what means, Sir?

BUSTLETON.

You are ſo intimately acquainted with the receſſes of the heart, that I ſhould almoſt conceive my information to be unneceſſary.

MANAGER.

Explain, Sir.

BUSTLETON.

It is in times of diſtreſs then, Mr. Dapperwit, that an

an abject or gallant behaviour, a magnanimity or puſillanimity, diſtinguiſhes one nation or individual from another. Thoſe who bear up againſt ——

MANAGER.

Pſhaw! (*flying off.*)

EASY.

Spare him, my dear Sir, for Heaven's ſake! conſider his ſituation!

MANAGER.

What can we do? Here! Hitchcock! Prompter! oh, you are here?

Enter PROMPTER.

MANAGER.

Why did not you let me know all this?

PROMPTER.

What's the matter, Sir?

MANAGER.

Matter? no ſuch thing as playing to night! we are deſerted by all the performers; why did not you tell me of it?

PROMPTER.

I never heard of it till this inſtant, Sir.

MANAGER.

Are any of the performers in the Green-room?

PROMPTER.

None come down yet, Sir.

MANAGER.

MANAGER.

Why it is near the time we ſhou'd begin, is not it?

PROMPTER.

Very near, Sir; I was juſt going to ring-in the laſt muſick.

MANAGER.

Oh they have all abandon'd me, it's plain then—What can we do? How is the Houſe, Hitchcock?

PROMPTER.

It looks pretty well—orders and all, Sir.

MANAGER.

We have nothing for it but to return the money and make an apology.

BUSTLETON.

I knew you wou'd not open your budget this evening.

MANAGER.

If it does not prove a ſecond edition of Paſquin's Budget, I ſhall be ſatisfied—Be ſure to make the handſomeſt apology you can, Hitchcock! ſay how much we are concern'd, and how happy we ſhall be to ſolicit their protection again, as ſoon as we can collect a company of performers worthy to entertain them.

PROMPTER *(going)*

I will, Sir.

MANAGER.

And harky'e, Hitchcock!

PROMPTER.

PROMPTER *(returning.)*

Sir?

MANAGER.

If you ſee any of the *Corps Diplomatique* in the ſide boxes, or any of the people of faſhion that have French plays at their own houſes, take Baddeley with you to addreſs them in French.

PROMPTER.

I will, Sir.

MANAGER.

Let him drop his arms, ſpread his hands, ſhrug his ſhoulders, hang his chin, and ſay ſomething about *au Deſeſpoir, La Cabale,* &c. &c.

PROMPTER.

He ſhall, Sir.

MANAGER.

And if this ſhou'd not be generally underſtood, do you ſtand by to tranſlate, for the benefit of the Galleries and the Country Gentlemen.

PROMPTER.

I will, Sir.

MANAGER.

And hearkee, Hitchcock! I mention'd this amongſt ſeveral other things ſome days ago—but you have let them all tranſpire.

PROMPTER.

I ſhall take more care for the future, Sir. [*Exit.*

MANAGER.

Why it is near the time we ſhou'd begin, is not it?

PROMPTER.

Very near, Sir; I was juſt going to ring-in the laſt muſick.

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I ſhall take more care for the future, Sir. [*Exit.*

MANAGER.

And if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, we will go and ſtand by the ſide-ſcenes, and witneſs his reception.—I am all agitation.

BUSTLETON.

Nay, be firm! think on what I was ſaying to you; remember Cato and Captain Macheath, Mr. Dapperwit! nothing ſo noble as a great man in diſtreſs.

EASY.

Courage, my dear friend; all will end well, I dare ſay.

MANAGER.

Experience forbids me to deſpair—I have long truſted my reputation and fortune with the Publick; and have the ſtrongeſt reaſon to rely on their candour and generoſity. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

Enter PROMPTER. (*Addreſſes the Audience.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen! I am deſir'd by the Manager to inform you, that he is extremely unhappy that he finds himſelf totally unable to preſent you with the entertainments announced for this evening; but being, from various unforeſeen cauſes, depriv'd of the aſſiſtance of the performers, he is oblig'd to requeſt your uſual indulg——

IRISHMAN, *from the Pit.*

Before you ſay any more, my dear—Mr. Prompter, that's your name, I think—give me leave to ax you

you one little quiſton; It's for want of play actors that we are to have no Play at all, is not it, Honey?

PROMPTER.

It is, Sir.

IRISHMAN.

Oh, upon my ſoul now, that's no raſon at all—have not we got the playhouſe for all night—and mayn't we be the play actors ourſelves? have not half the Jontlemen and Ladies in England been playing the fool all over the country, and has not your own little Manager there been blacking his own little face at Chriſtmas down in North Wales? Have not your Lords and fine Ladies been taking off Miniature Pictures, juſt by the Bath road? and have not the folks been taking Miniature copies at Large in Drury Lane? and are not there two great Houſes down at Weſtminſter, —(not to ſpake of Weſtminſter Hall)—where the Lords and Jontlemen are talking all day, and all night too fait, for their own diverſion and that of the Publick? And pray now where's the want of a Play at your Schools for Eloquence, where the company can every night act a little play of their own? and why ſhou'd your fooliſh Manager pay his Actors for talking, when the Publick will pay him for letting them talk themſelves? For my part, I am a true born Iriſhman, and one of the Loyal Volunteers; and ſo I ſtand up for the privileges of an Engliſhman—and I inſiſt upon it, that the moſt material part of a Playhouſe is the Audience; and as long as the Audience are preſent, it does not ſignify a braſs farthing whether there are Actors or no; and I ſay—I ſay—I have nothing more to ſay at all.

LADY *from the Balcony.*

I beg leave, with all the diffidence natural to my ſex, to offer a ſhort word on the preſent occaſion: the gentleman who has juſt ſpoken, if I may truſt to his accent and dialect, is of a nation, to which ladies are inclin'd to be partial; but it muſt be acknowledged that ſometimes, from being very fully poſſeſs'd of a ſubject, they are apt not to think it neceſſary to make it quite clear to other people; in this ſublime confuſion of ideas, I apprehend, the ingenious gentleman in my eye has forgot to ſpeak to the main queſtion now before this aſſembly—The queſtion urg'd by the gentleman on the floor, I conceive to be the Diſtreſs of the Manager; now this pretended Diſtreſs, I humbly contend, is, or ought to be, no Diſtreſs at all; What is the Plea? want of auxiliaries. But if the Winter Potentates will not let out their troops upon ſubſidies, are there no other forces to be rais'd? and is not a time of Theatrical Conteſt as well as that of National War, the very moment to raiſe them? Is Human Nature confin'd or exhauſted? I know the fact to be otherwiſe. Are not there hundreds of able bodied actors, beſides thoſe in the hundreds of Drury? are there no Theatrical Plants growing out of the hot beds of Covent Garden? Millions! every houſe, every ſhop is a nurſery. Is there a Milliner's 'Prentice in Town, that has not offer'd herſelf to the Manager, and is not already perfect in Jane Shore and Lady Townly? or a Hair Dreſſer that is not anxious to throw away his pomatum and curling irons, for a Dagger and a Truncheon? Let the Manager *ſkirr the Country round!* let him bring upon the Town, what the Town are always glad to ſee, ſome new

new faces! let him produce too ſome good pieces! and then his Diſtreſſes will be reliev'd, and he will be ſure of Publick Encouragement, without being reduc'd to the diſgrace and mortification of a diſmiſſion or an apology. [*Sits down.*

(GENTLEMAN *from the oppoſite Balcony.*)

I humbly beg to offer a few looſe thoughts on the queſtion now under agitation— *the Diſtreſs of the Manager*. This Diſtreſs is founded on the abſence of the actors; but if we can ſupply their abſence, without being encumber'd with their preſence, I humbly conceive we ſhall be conſiderable gainers—a propoſal was formerly made to preſent the Publick with actors in paſte-board, and it was much doubted whether they wou'd not be preferable to the race of live actors. What were the actors of Menander the Grecian? Paſte-board! What were thoſe of Plautus the Roman? Paſte-board! What were thoſe of Terence the Carthaginian? Paſte-board! to what then can the Britons have recourſe, but Paſte-board? Buſts on this plan have been exibited in this very Theatre, and are now actually exibiting in another place; if therefore the Manager will give us the delinquent performers in Paſte-board, while the artiſt takes off the figures and faces, I will endeavour to give you their manner and voices.

(*Imitations here.*)

Two Ladies riſe in the next Box.

1ſt LADY.

I beg leave, Sir ——

2d LADY.

2d LADY.

I humbly preſume —

1ſt LADY.

Madam, I roſe firſt.

2d LADY.

I ſpeak to Order.

1ſt LADY.

But I deſire, Madam —

2d LADY.

I ſay, Madam — *(ſquabbling.)*

Enter Woman with the Call Paper.

Mr. Hitchcock, it's very late—ſhall we call away, and begin?

PROMPTER.

Begin! how can we begin without actors or actreſſes?

WOMAN.

They are all dreſt, ſitting ready for the call in the Green Room.

PROMPTER.

Indeed! is Mr. Palmer there?

WOMAN.

Yes.

PROMPTER.

And Mr. Banniſter?

WOMAN.

Yes.

PROMPTER.

PROMPTER.

And Miſs Farren?

WOMAN.

Yes.

PROMPTER.

And Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Edwin, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. ———

WOMAN.

Yes, yes, yes, to the end of the chapter.

PROMPTER.

I rejoice to hear it. That being the caſe, if I may venture to act as moderator in the preſent queſtion, I will requeſt the ſpeakers to adjourn the debate; and beſeech the audience to allow us but a few moments indulgence—after which, Ladies and Gentlemen, this evening will be preſented the Suicide, a Comedy! with the Engliſh Burletta of Midas; and to-morrow, never acted here, the tragedy of Douglas. The part of Lady Randolph to be performed by Mrs. *Crawford*, who has not appeared on this ſtage theſe thirteen years, nor in London—during the whole winter ſeaſon!

FINIS.

Of T. CADELL, Bookſeller, oppoſite Catherine-ſtreet, Strand, may be had the following pieces:

BONDUCA: a Tragedy, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, with Alterations.

The DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, THE MAID OF BATH, The COZENERS, The NABOB, and The TRIP TO CALAIS, to which is annexed The CAPUCHIN, all written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq; and publiſhed by Mr. COLMAN. Alſo

The TAILORS, a Tragedy for warm weather.

BUXOM JOAN, a Burletta in one Act, and the Airs, Duets, Trios, and Finale introduced in the Comedy of the SPANISH BARBER; Likewiſe SUMMER AMUSEMENT; or, An ADVENTURE AT MARGATE, a Comic Opera, and the Airs, Duets, and Trios in the Muſical Farce called The SON-IN-LAW, as they are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market.

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